DELIA's WISH.

WOULD gods deſcend, as antient poets feign,
And, when I wiſh'd, to crown thoſe wiſhes deign;
As the four ſeaſons of the year go round,
Aſſign to each, ye pow'rs, one hundred pound;
A ſmall neat houſe, juſt thirty miles from town,
And big enough to hold true friends alone;
With walks and gardens naturally made,
Nor let art baniſh what ſhe ſtill ſhould aid.
Attendants I would have no more than three;
More on each other wait, and not on me.
Twelve ſocial neighbours, chearful and ſincere,
Thrice would I viſit in the circling year.
Of intimates, I ſeek at moſt but three,
By turns, one welcome to reſide with me,
If witty, and from affectation free.
Such dear companions if my fortune gave,
I'd have no huſband, for I'd be no ſlave;
But once convince the world a woman can
Be bleſs'd, without that lord-like creature, Man!
Domeſtic prudence ſhould my mind employ,
At ſetting ſun amuſements to enjoy;
Would ride & walk; ſometimes at cards I'd play;
Happily wiſe, and innocently gay.
The ſummer ended, me my choice reſtores,
Where art, with elegance, her riches pours;
There dreſs genteel ſhould give invention birth,
Diſpelling winter's gloom, by bright'ning mirth.
Fancy ſhould gratify each juſt deſire;
I'd ſee two operas, yet not expire.
Five months run o'er in vanity and noiſe,
Thence would I fly to taſte the truer joys,
Which ever-pleaſing contemplation brings,
When in ſoft beauty new-born Flora ſprings.
In a calm life, thus happy in retreat,
My ſleeping envy ne'er ſhall haunt the great;
My mind no more with anxious cares be preſs'd,
Nor a rich monarch's bride be ſo ſupremely bleſs'd

BRITISH
7 JUL
MUSEU